

**CHRISTMAS.**  
The sun was veiled by many a fold  
Of laden cloud, which snow foretold,  
And thro' the streets the wind blew  
cold.

On Christmas Day!

The earth in icy chains was bound,  
The snow naked Nature to the ground,  
And spread a covering all around,  
On Christmas Day!

The joyful friends in wild delight,  
Rushed heedless out into the night,  
To revel in the snow & pure white,  
On Christmas Day!

Their hearts were young and free from  
care,  
Their youthful spirits light as air,  
Oh, would that all their joy might  
share.

On Christmas Day!

Bah! what to them did pleasure bring,  
Made life a burden & a harder thing,  
Whose threadbare garments close did  
cling.

On Christmas Day!

For them no cheerful fire did glow,  
No happy friends did gifts bestow,  
Nor had they shelter from the snow.  
On Christmas Day!

Once more the season draweth high,  
A few short days will quickly fly,  
And then the sun will mount so high  
On Christmas Day!

Oh, give them — the friendless poor,  
Whose hardships must endure,  
And do thy best their ills to cure,  
On Christmas Day!

With open hand and feeling heart,  
And voice that dith kind words impart,  
Makes drooping souls with joy to start,  
On Christmas Day!

Then shall thy joys exulted be —  
In giving them're given to me.  
These shall then belong to thee  
On Christmas Day!

**EDWIN RAWDON**

**CHAPTER II. Continued.**  
**EDWIN RAWDON THE BANKER.**

"Without fail, Captain, and you  
with her, please Providence!"

"That," answered Harley West-  
ford, solemnly, "is in the hands of  
Heaven."

He placed all the necessary  
papers in the young man's custody,  
and after a few instructions, bur-  
riedly but not carelessly given, he  
wrote. Gilbert's extended hand,  
and then sprang into the boat,  
which was to take him ashore.

He called the first call that  
was to be found outside the Docks, and  
told the man to drive at a gallop  
to Lombard street.

The bank was closing as the  
Captain alighted from the vehicle.  
Mr. Rawdon had just left for his  
country-house, the clerk told Har-  
ley, and no further business could  
be transacted that day.

"Then I must follow him to his  
country-house," answered the Cap-  
tain. "Where is it?"

"Wilmington Hall, on the  
Noel road, beyond Hertford."

"How can I get there?"

"You can go by rail to Her-  
ford, and then get a 'bus' across to  
the Hall. It's only a mile and a  
half from the station."

"Good," answered Harley West-  
ford. Then, after directing the  
coachman to drive his master to the  
Great Northern terminus, he stepped  
once more into the vehicle.

"Neither Edwin Rawdon nor I  
shall know peace or rest until that  
money has been returned to its  
rightful owner!" cried the Captain,  
raising his clenched hand, as if he  
would have invoked the powers of  
heaven to win his oath.

He little knew how terribly  
that oath was to be fulfilled.

**CHAPTER III.**

**AN IMPORTANT CREDITOR.**  
While Harley Westford was  
making his way to Hertford by  
express-train, Mr. Rawdon sat over  
his wine in one of the splendid  
apartments of Wilmington Hall.

Wilmington Hall was no modern  
pile erected by a wealthy specu-  
lator, one of the merchant princes of  
the commercial age. It was a  
nobled relic of the past, one of  
those stately habitations which we  
find here and there embosomed in  
woods whose growth is of a thousand  
years. For centuries the Hall  
had been the residence of a grand  
old race; but recent extravagance  
had driven the lords of the mansion  
away from its ponderous gates, to  
give place to the rich commissary,  
whose wealth made him master of  
the old domain.

The Hall was built in the form of  
a quadrangle, and was large enough  
to have accommodated a regiment of  
soldiers. One side of the quad-  
rangle had been built in the early  
Tudor period, and had been dismised  
for many years. The stone walls  
of the windows darkened the  
rooms, and the tapestry hung rotting  
on the walls of the gloomy  
bedchambers and the low-roofed  
cloisters of a by-gone age.

There were days of the bankers'  
household who would have been  
bold enough to enter this northern  
wing of the mansion, which was,  
of course, reported to be haunted; but  
Mr. Rawdon himself had been often

known to visit the silent chambers,  
where the dust lay thick upon the  
mouldering oakier floors. The  
banker had indeed caused an iron  
safe to be placed in one of the lower  
rooms; and it was said that he kept  
a great deal of old-fashioned plate  
and jewelry, intrusted to him in  
his customers, in the collagee be-  
low this northern wing.

Very few persons living in this  
present day had ever descended to  
these cloisters; but it was reported  
that they extended the whole length  
and breadth of the northern end  
of the quadrangle, and even pen-  
etrated into the adjoining wings. It  
was also said that in the time of  
the civil wars these galleries had

been used as prisons for the envoys  
and as holding places for the faith-  
ful adherents of the good cause.

The servants of Mr. Rawdon's  
numerous household often talked of  
those gloomy underground cham-  
bers, but not one among them  
would have been courageous enough  
to descend into the dark and un-  
known vaults. Nor were the col-  
lars ever let open to any hazardous  
intruder, as the ponderous oak doors  
belonging to them and to all the  
rooms in the deserted northern  
wing, were lodged in the safe  
keeping of Mr. Rawdon himself,  
and no doubt stood ever in one  
of the numerous iron safes which  
lined the walls of his study. There  
was some legend of a subterranean  
passage leading from some part of  
the groo to the cellarage; but  
no one now in the household had  
ever ventured to test the truth of  
this legend of a White Lady, whose  
shadowy form might be met at any  
hour in those darkness, chambers,  
a barefoot lady enough, white in  
the flesh, a poor, gentle creature  
who had broken her feet and gone  
distract for love of an inconstant  
gentleman in the military line; but  
a very troublesome lady in the  
spirit, since she appeared to devote  
her leisure to sighing and wailing  
in passages and cupboards, and to  
the performance of every variety of  
scratching, and knocking, and  
scrapping, and tearing known to the  
hand.

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## CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEARS' PRESENTS AT J. E. MCGARVIN'S HALL OF PHARMACY.

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Cruets,

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VASES, VASES,

TOILET SETS,



Call and examine my very select stock of useful and ornamental presents before purchasing elsewhere.

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**STAPLE & FANCY**

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**FAMILY GROCERIES, &c.,**

Which he will sell at the

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**Surface Planer and Floor Webber.**</